2: Krige and Krige E-5 (1928-1939)1943
FX14 Lovedu FX14

857 of *letate* (*Mariscus sp.*) or *lejekejeke* (*Cyperus immensus*), rush-grasses which the ants seize with their antennae. The girls who have been stamping now set out with some friends from a neighbouring village, all armed
[561] with axes, to collect firewood. The girls of this company are age-mates;
[832] they share their labours, confide their love affairs, bathe together, and, in the late afternoon, when they go to the bush, they sit together elongating their *labia minora* (*hu kwava*). Meanwhile the village lies basking and dreaming in the afternoon sun; except for the pecking fowls there is hardly a stir. '*Vu gae*' ('Where is it—beer'), says Raselaka to his son Sekware, as he returns with some poles on his shoulder for repairing his
574 wife's granary. 'There is beer of *lejema* [work-party] over at Mudziri's,'
273 is the reply; and the men, accompanied by the visitors, set out for the beer drink, knowing they will be allowed to partake even though they have done no work.

The hum of voices as you near a certain kraal leaves you in no doubt that this must be Mudziri's village. A fair crowd has gathered in the courtyard of the woman who is holding the *lejema* and a typical beer-drinking scene meets the eye. The centre of the picture is a large pot of beer placed in a rounded depression made for it in the courtyard. Beside it stands a flat winnowing basket containing long-handled calabash cups from which the beer is drunk. Beside the pot sits a man who serves the beer, using a beer-cup as ladle; he gives each cup to a young man of about twenty, who hands it round. The guests have ranged themselves on either side of the beer pot, women on one side, men on the other. As each calabash is emptied, it is brought back by the young man who is doing the waiting, to be filled. There is no hurry. Each one drinks at his leisure and conversation flows freely. Every one knows he will be given in his turn and, if one man is handed a second cup, he will pass it on to any one who has not yet been served, till all have had four or five. It is a pleasant social gathering and all the latest gossip is discussed. Small children toddle about in between the drinkers and may even be given a
651 little of the beer. Ominously Pheduli remarks, 'Madume has seen police
625 near Medingen. There appear to be four of them. What can they be wanting?' 'Oh,' replies Dwagu, 'they are no doubt raiding for tax defaulters!' There is general uneasiness, for about a fifth of the gathering are in arrears. Muhale is six years in arrears and, as he never goes to town to work, he has not once been caught. 'They won't catch me napping in my home to-night,' *volunteers Mathekha*. '*I shall go into the* bush again. Are they Shangana-Tongs or Sotho, those police Madume saw?' a very relevant question, because the Shangana-Tongs, more likely than not recruited from outside the reserve, will not know these hiding places in the forests and caves. Here Pikela describes how his friend Setimela, who had himself always been in default and knew all the best hiding places, had joined the police the previous year. Consequently, at the very next raid the police made a most successful scoop, catching ninety-six defaulters, whom they marched to Duivelskloof.

574 The beer-pot is almost empty and people are merely sitting talking
273 when the host calls Raselaka and his European guest aside into his reception hut, together with a few other intimates. A woman brings in a small